THE Ages of Sin.

Sinnes Birth & growth.

With the Stepps, and Degrees of Sin, from thought to finall Impenitencie.

2.

1

Suggestion.

Originall—Concupiscence *Doth make*
Our Nature like a foule great-Bellyed Snake:
For, wer not Sathan *apt to tempt to Sin;*
Yea't, Lustfull—Thoughts *would breed & brood, Within:*
But, happie-Hee, that takes Those *Little*-Ones,
To Dash their Braines *(Soone) 'gainst repentant*-Stones.

2. Rumination

When lust hath (thus) Conceiu'd it brings forth Sin,
And Ruminating thoughts Its Shape begin.
Like as the Beares off-licking of her whelps,
That foule deformed Creatures Shape much helps.
The danger's great, our Sinfull thoughts to Cherish,
O stop thine growth, or thy poore Soule will perish.

If, Sinfull Thoughts (once) nestle in mans heart:
The Sluce is ope, Delight (then) playes its part:
Then, like the old-Ape hugging in his armes,
His Apiſh-young-One; Sin, the Soule becharmes:
And, when our Apiſh impious-Thoughts delight us,
Oh, then (alas) moſt mortally They bite us.

CONSENT. 4

For, where Sin workes Content, Conſent will follow;
And, This, the Soule, into Sins Gulfe, doth ſwallow.
For, as two ravning Wolves (for, tis theire kinde)
To ſuck Lambs-blood, doe hunt with equall-minde:
Even ſo, the Soule & Sin Conſent, in One,
Till, Soule & Body be quite overthrowne./

5

Act:

Sin and the Soule (thus) having stricken Hands,
The Sinner (now) for Action ready stands;
And Tyger-like swallowes-vp, at One-bitt,
What euer impious Prey his Heart doth fitt:
Committing Sin, with eager greedynesse,
Selling his Soule to worke All wickednesse.

Iteration.

From eager-Acting Sin, comes Iteration,
Or, frequent Customme of Sins perpetration;
Which, like great Flesh-Flies liting on rare-Flesh,
Though oft beat-off, (if not kild) come afresh:
Hence, **Belzebub** *is term'd Prince of Flesh-flies,*
'Cause Sin, Still, Acts, vntill (by Grace) It Dies.

GLORIATION. 7

Cuſtome in Sin takes Senſe of Sin away.
This makes All-Sin ſeeme but a Sport, a play:
Yea, like a rampant-Lyon, proud and Stout.
Inſulting, o're his Prey, ſtaulking about.
The Saucy-Sinner boaſts & braggs of Sinne.
As One (oh woe) that doth a Citty winne...

8 **Obduration.**

When Sinne brings Sinners *to this fearefull pass,*
What followes, but a hard Heart, *Brow of brasse?*
A Heart (*I say*) *more hard then* Tortes-*back*?
Which, neither Sworde *nor* Axe *can hew or hack;*
Iudgements *nor* Mercies, *Treats nor threats can cause*
To leave-off Sin, *To love or feare* Gods *Lawes.*

9 FINALL-IMPENITENCY.

And (now, alas) what is Sins laſt Extent?
A hard-Heart makes a Heart Impenitent.
For, can a Leopard change his Spotted Skin?
No. Nor a Heart accuſtom'd (thus) his Sin.
Then, Conſcience, headlong, caſts Impenitence.
With horrid ffrights of Helliſh Recompence./

Ja. v. L. fecit.